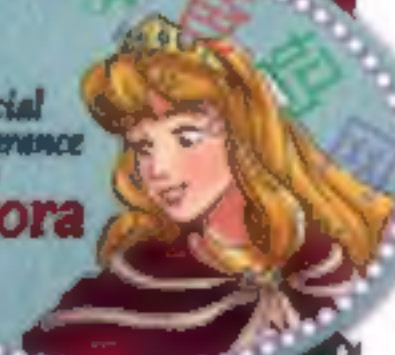




Sofia

the First

Special
Appearance
By
Aurora



Holiday
in
Enchancia



Written by
**Catherine
Hapka**

Illustrated by the
**Disney
Storybook
Art Team**





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I'm **Sofia**

and I am one excited

princess!



This will be my first Wassailia holiday in the castle,
and I don't want to miss a second of it!



I'm used to spending a quiet Wassailia
with Mom.

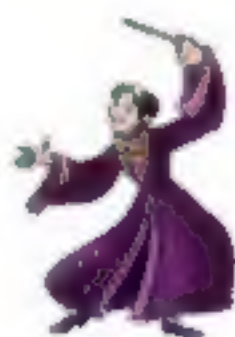
But James and Amber say
that here in the castle,
Wassailia is really
different.



There's a ton of food...

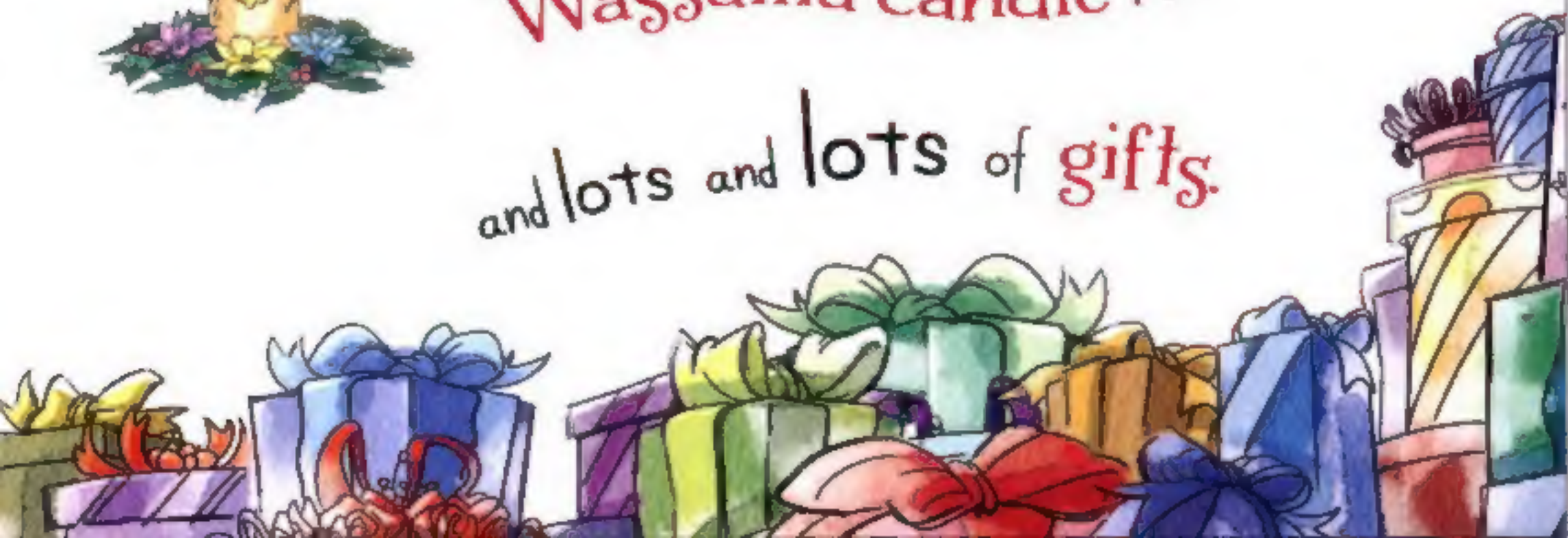


a giant
Wassailia
willow...



a fancy
Wassailia candle...

and lots and lots of gifts.



"Happy **Wassailia**, Amber!"

I say.



"It will be if I get that
unicorn I've been asking for,"
she says.

Just then, my mom comes in.
"Where's Dad?" James asks.



Mom says he's out
on urgent royal business with Baileywick.
"He'll be back in time for the party, though," she says.



While I wait for
Dad to get back, I go to
visit **Minimus**, my
favorite flying horse. But
when I get to the stable,
I find out that all the other
horses have colds.





Minimus is okay, though.
He tells me that even though the other horses are sick,
he's glad to spend the holiday with me.

It has started snowing again by
the time I get back to the castle,
and Dad's still not home!





“Shouldn’t he be back by now?” I ask.
Amber nods. “It’s almost time for the party.”



Mom asks Constable Myles
to look for the king.



"I want to go, too!" I say.
"If she's going, I'm going," says James.
"Why don't we all go?" my mom says.
"We can take the flying coach."



Minimus is the only **flying** horse
healthy enough to pull the coach.



"Minimus can do it!" I say.

"I'm not so sure about that," Minimus mutters.

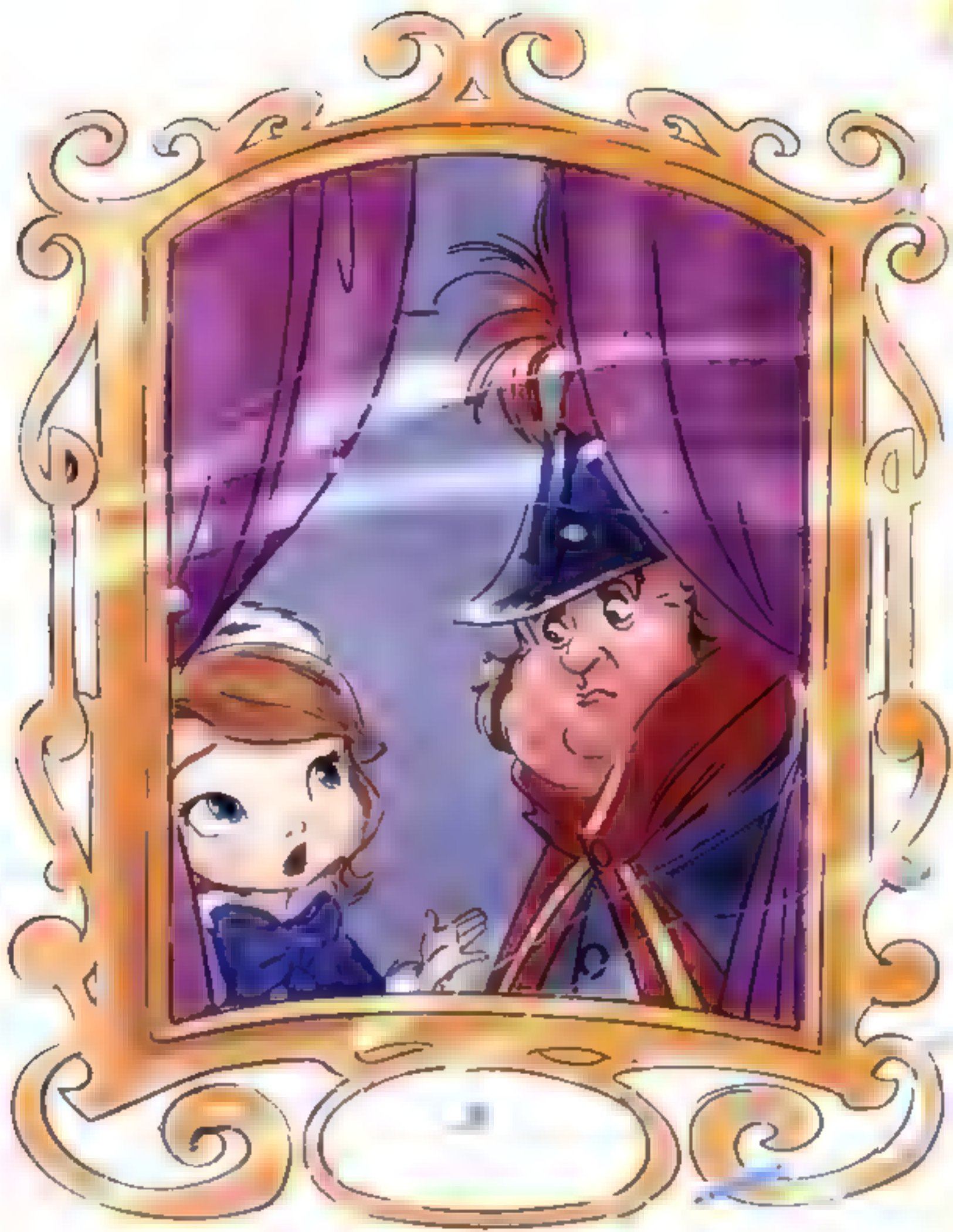


As our coach takes off,
I see Clover, Robin, and Mia hop onto the back.
I guess they want to help find my dad, too!



Soon the coach is flying over the road.
I look down and spot the royal horses.
But there's no sign of the royal coach!



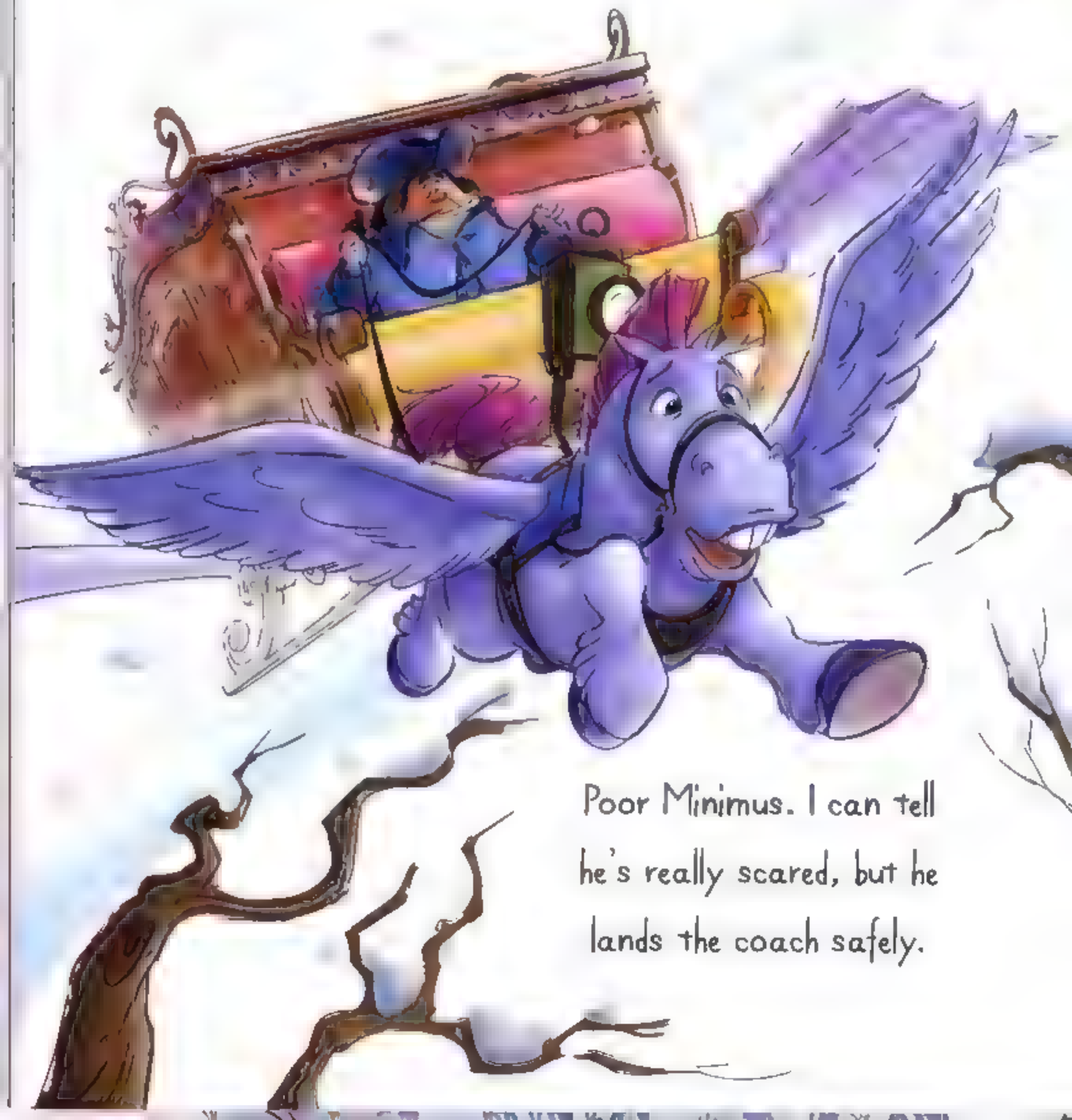


"The storm is getting worse,"

Constable Myles says. "We need to turn around."

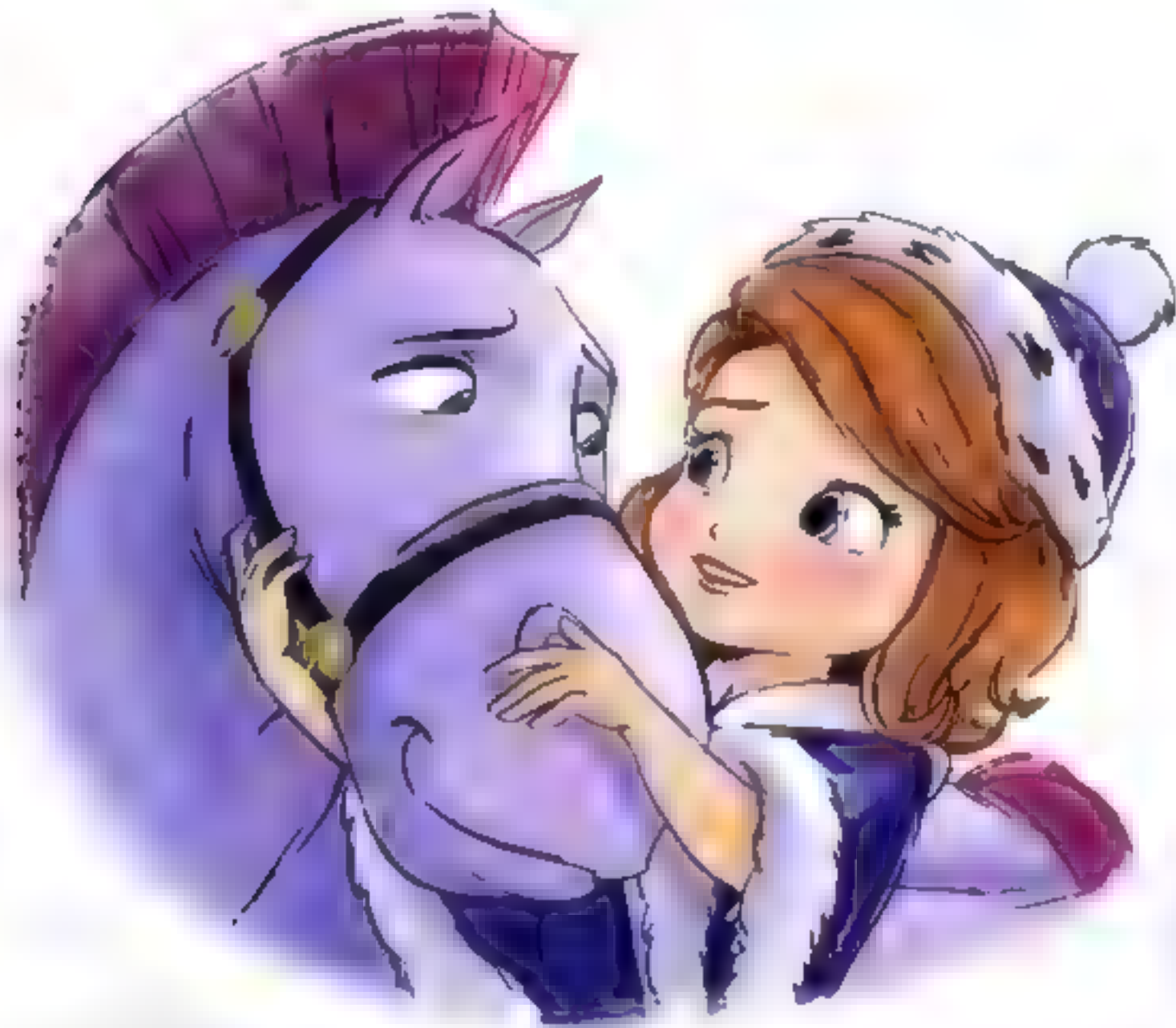
I shake my head. "We can't go back until we find Dad!"

Then the forest disappears in a flurry of snow.
It's a blizzard!



Poor Minimus. I can tell
he's really scared, but he
lands the coach safely.

Constable Myles wants everyone to
wait inside the coach until the storm passes.
But Mom knows how **worried** I am about Minimus,
so she lets me check on him.



"What are we going to do, Minimus?" I say.
"We have to find Dad!"



Suddenly,

my amulet starts to glow . . .
and **Princess Aurora** appears!

"Princess Aurora!" I cry.

"Did you come to help us?"

"It's not my help you need," Aurora replies.

"I could always count on my animal
friends to help me through tough times,
and so can you."







When I see Clover, Robin, and Mia,
I think that **Aurora** might be
right: maybe my animal friends
can help! I ask them to ask the
creatures of the woods to help
search for the king.





Pretty soon, the message spreads
through the whole forest:

We must find the king!



Then they see him!



Before long, Robin and Mia
return with good news.
“We found him!”



Amber
looks puzzled.

“What are
your birds
doing here?”



Uh-oh. I can understand what they're saying,
but everyone else just hears chirping.



I have to think fast.

"Um . . . I think they're trying to tell us something!"
Luckily, I convince everyone to follow the animals.

Minimus pulls the coach through the snow until
it comes to a cozy little wood cabin.



We knock on the door.
Guess who's inside....



Dad!



"How did you find me?" he asks us.

"It's a Wassailia miracle!" I say, giving him a big hug. "But how did you end up here?"



Dad admits to everyone that his urgent royal business was actually going to town to find gifts for us. But the road back to the castle was icy, and the royal coach got stuck in the snow!

"Luckily," says Baileywick,
"this kind woodsman found us and invited us
to take shelter in his cabin with his family."



"This is what the holidays are all about," Dad says.
"Spending time with your loved ones."



I look at all the gifts my dad has for us,
and I know what to do. "Happy Wassailia!" I say,
giving my presents to the woodsman's children.



Then I help Mom and Dad **light** the Wassailia candle.



Well, my first Wassailia with my new family
isn't exactly like I expected. But we are spending it
together . . . and that makes it the

best holiday
ever!



The End





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